*Daugh.* As ever you heard, but ſay nothing.
1. *Fr.* No.
*Daugh.* They come from all parts of the Dukedome to (him,
Ile warrant ye, he had not ſo few laſt night
As twenty to diſpatch, hee'l tickl't up
In two howres, if his hand be in.
*Iay.* She's loſt
Paſt all cure.
*Bro.* Heaven forbid man.
*Daugh.* Come hither, you are a wiſe man.
1. *Fr.* Do's ſhe know him?
1. *Fr.* No, would ſhe did.
*Daugh.* You are maſter of a Ship?
*Iay.* Yes.
*Daugh.* Wher's your Compaſſe?
*Iay.* Heere.
*Daugh.* Set it too'th North.
And now direct your courſe to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.
*All.* Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
Bowling, out with the maine ſaile, wher's your
Whiſtle Maſter?
*Bro.* Lets get her in.
*Iay.* Vp to the top Boy.
*Bro.* Wher's the Pilot?
1. *Fr.* Heere,
*Daugh.* What ken'ſt thou?
2. *Fr.* A faire wood.
*Daugh.* Beare for it maſter: take about: *Singes.*
*When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.*

*Emilia.* Yet I may binde thoſe wounds up, that muſt (open
And bleed to death for my ſake elſe; Ile chooſe,
And end their ſtrife: Two ſuch yong hanſom men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold aſhes of their Sonnes
Shall never curſe my cruelty: Good heaven,

What



What a ſweet face has *Arcite*? if wiſe nature
With all her beſt endowments, all thoſe beuties
She ſowes into the birthes of noble bodies,
Were here a mortall woman, and had in her
The coy denialls of yong Maydes, yet doubtles,
She would run mad for this man: what an eye?
Of what a fyry ſparkle, and quick ſweetnes,
Has this yong Prince? Here Love himſelfe ſits ſmyling,
Iuſt ſuch another wanton *Ganimead*,
Set Love a fire with, and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and ſet him by him
A ſhining conſtellation: What a brow,
Of what a ſpacious Majeſty he carries?
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno's*, but far ſweeter,
Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? Fame and honour
Me thinks from hence, as from a Promontory
Pointed in heaven, ſhould clap their wings, and ſing
To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights
Of gods, and ſuch men neere 'em. *Palamon*,
Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull ſhadow,
Hee's ſwarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had loſt his mother; a ſtill temper,
No ſtirring in him, no alacrity,
Of all this ſprightly ſharpenes, not a ſmile;
Yet theſe that we count errours may become him:
*Narciſſus* was a ſad Boy, but a heavenly:
Oh who can finde the bent of womans fancy?
I am a Foole, my reaſon is loſt in me,
I have no choice, and I have ly'd ſo lewdly
That women ought to beate me. On my knees
I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,
And only beutifull, and theſe the eyes,
Theſe the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten Love, and what yong Mayd dare croſſe 'e
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting
Has this browne manly face? O Love, this only
From this howre is Complexion: Lye there *Arcite*,
Thou art a changling to him, a meere Gipſey.